

THE BEAUFORT TRIBUNE

AND PORT ROYAL COMMERCIAL.

VOL. VI. NO. 2.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1877.

\$2.00 per Annum. Single Copy 5 Cents.

Pictures of Memory.

By ALICE GARY.
Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks' oden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.
I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest
He lieth in peace at sleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of yellow leaves.
Sweetly his pale arms folded
My cheek in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And, when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the garden light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

HER HEART'S SECRET.

"If you refuse Duncan Holcroft you are a complete idiot, Georgina Gilroy, and I wash my hands of your affairs altogether."
Mrs. Cassowin sailed majestically from the room where Georgina, her niece, remains nervously clasping and unclasping her slender white fingers, and wondering why matrimony should be a positive duty in the code by which she had been educated. She is only twenty-two, slender, fair, and looking about sixteen, with her waving golden hair and soft, brown eyes.
She has two hundred pounds a year, all her own, and why can't she be allowed to live a quiet life untroubled?
Since her own parents died, about three years ago, she had been dragged from the country parsonage, in which her father lived and died, saving the little fortune for Georgina by close economy, to her aunt's fashionable home, such as her mother pined for throughout all Georgina's childhood.
"When you marry, I hope you will return to your proper sphere," Mrs. Gilroy would say whenever she spoke of Georgina's future; but she never heeded much in those days.
Sitting in Mrs. Cassowin's grand drawing-room, waiting for Duncan Holcroft to come and propose to her, as her aunt informed her he had requested permission to do, Georgina, timid and gentle, felt her whole being rise in revolt.
Was life to be to her what it was to her aunt, a round of calling, shopping, party-going, party-giving, interviews with dressmakers and milliners? Could she not escape to some locality where there were nobler aims and desires?
Where?
Mrs. Cassowin had expostulated in vain. Hitherto, Georgina had been gently firm.
But on this day even her courage failed before her aunt's wrath at the proposal to dismiss Duncan Holcroft.
He came across the wide drawing-room as she sat thinking, his footfall unheard upon the soft carpet.
He was tall, erect, handsome, past fifty, yet not old; his eyes clear as a boy's, his iron-gray hair curly and abundant, his gray moustache giving a military air to his well-cut features.
Faultless in attire, courteous in manner, he also possessed half a million attractions in solid investments.
But all else seemed to him worthless compared to the smile of the slender, pale child who half buried in a deep arm-chair, realized as yet nothing of the yearning love in the large, dark eyes fixed upon her.
It was scarcely to be supposed that Duncan Holcroft, bachelor as he was, had traveled over fifty years of life with untouched heart, but he had lived over all other love till this one came and conquered him.
It stirred his heart with a sick pain, when Georgina, looking up, pale to her lips, while her eyes were full of fear and trouble, seeing him.
She had always given him a frank, cordial greeting, and he had hoped to win sweeter tokens still from her soft eyes and sweet lips, and instead he had lost what was already given.
"Did you not expect me?" he said, gently; "you looked startled."
"I did not know you were here, and it did startle me to see you so close beside me!" Georgina said, a flaming color shooting now over cheek and brow, as she wished herself a thousand miles away.
He spoke to her gravely then, and very, very gently, wooing her most tenderly, considerate of her youth, her timidity; and heartily ashamed, she could only sob and shiver.
"Child," he said at last, "do distress you? Am I so hateful to you—that?"
But she interrupted him quickly: "You are not hateful to me," she said, impulsively. "I like you ever-so-much, only—oh, why do you want to marry me?"
He could not keep back a smile, though his heart throbbed heavily with pain.
"I love you, dear," he said; "I love you far too well to wish to grieve you. Shall we be friends still?"
"Oh, if you will," she said, eagerly, ignorant of the stab in every word, "let us forget to-day."
As if he could.
But he was a true gentleman, a sincere, unselfish lover, and he led her to talk of other matters till the shy

pallor left her cheeks and lips, and she was just her sweet shy self again.
Then he left her.
Left her to meet such wrath from Mrs. Cassowin that she rose against her bitter speeches.
"I will go to Grandfather Gilroy, since you are so tired of me," Georgina said.
"I would! Go bury yourself in that wretched little farmhouse at Fry Corners; you, who might lead the fashion here, Duncan Holcroft's wife!"
But even Fry Corners was preferable to Georgina, to the prospect of leading the fashion.
She shivered at the thought, shy little country flower, and accepted her aunt's ungracious dismissal.
It even seemed as if she threw off a burden as she stepped from her luxurious carriage at the station.
Mrs. Cassowin, slightly remorseful, was at the last moment willing to revoke her decree of banishment, but Georgina would not see the flag of truce, only half unfolded, and went to Fry Corners.
It was not a fascinating abode, a small farm, managed by a miserly old man and one maid servant of seventy or thereabout, whose life was a burden because old Mr. Gilroy had failed to make her his wife, after accepting her attentions for a matter of thirty or forty years.
Georgina had the free, open country, perfect liberty to do as she pleased, and the command of her own income.
But she was not happy.
"I do believe I am naturally of a discontented disposition," she thought, as she wandered up a shady lane. "I've got all I want, a country home, old women to help, and children to be kind to. I can play Lady Bountiful to half Fry Corners on a small scale. I have miles of good, useful sewing, plenty of books, my own piano, nobody to scold me, no fire to worry over, and yet—I wonder if Duncan Holcroft cares because I have gone?"
What made that question leap to her mind a hundred times a day?
She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet she thought of his courteous manner, his grave, gentle kindness, his real conversation, so different from the society small talk that wearied and puzzled her.
Did he miss her?
She felt herself such an atom in his circle of friends; so lowly and little, compared to the belles fluttering ever in his view, so ignorant and insignificant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid her.
Spring flowers faded, summer bloom died, autumn fruits were gathered in, and the snows melted.
It was May again, and Georgina had been one year at Fry Corners.
The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his grandchild nursed him.
And, wearying of an interest in life, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unflinching patience to the querulous invalid, never faltering in her self-imposed duties.
He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, his old servant, produced a will giving her the farm and the savings of years of grinding economy.
Georgina had known of this, and had gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy would have made another will.
"I have more than I spend," she said, "and Janet has served you faithfully."
But once more homeless, she joined a party of Mrs. Cassowin's friends and went abroad.
Here was surely interest, variety, but never ease for the old heart-burter.
What would fill her life, round it to its full perfection?
Love was offered more than once, but met no return, and she sighed heavily over her own hard heart.
In Rome, where the party lingered many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had imagined in hours of reading, what her father had often described to her, having visited the Eternal City as a tutor in his young days.
But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily to the general sitting-room of the white house where they all lodged, said, half yawning:
"Holcroft is here, down with the malaria."
"Where?" some one asked, indifferently.
"At the hotel where we stopped the first week we were here. He's going to die they say."
"Die!" Duncan Holcroft?
Georgina gazed her way dizzily unperceived to the balcony.
Could the wide world hold so much misery as pressed her down?
Like a lightning flash she read the cause of all her restless craving since she had left London.
She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away from her own paradise, closing the door, and Duncan Holcroft would die, and never knew she had loved him.
At the hotel where they had stopped! Why it was close beside them.
She could be there in ten minutes.
She never paused to think of propriety. Wrapping her head and shoulders in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the gathering twilight.
The waiters paused, but led her to the room. At the door she paused.
She could see a sister of charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear a sweet voice say:
"She is here, in Rome. When I am dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. You will find her at the address I gave you. Mrs. Gilroy! You will not forget the name!"
Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the sister's shoulder:
"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whispered, very low.
But low as it was, the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face.
"Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "darling, have you come to say farewell?"
"No," she answered, strangling the sob in her voice; "I have come to pray you to live—for me!"

A great joy lighted the languid eyes.

"For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?"
"I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!"
"I cannot die now," he said.
And he did not.
Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life-giving sleep all narcotics had failed to give him; waking after many hours to see loving eyes unwearily watching him.
They were married when the priest came in a few hours later, the good sister still remaining to share the nursing.
But the life-giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever when once she knew the secret of her own heart.
Mrs. Cassowin says she can't understand why Georgina had followed Duncan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home; and Georgina has never explained.

Fashion Notes.

Long, close-fitting saques with double-breasted fronts are the popular shape for low-priced cloaks.
Short round skirts are gradually making their way into popularity. They are cut quite narrow, and are short enough to escape the ground behind. A single scantily pleated flounce or else two narrow knife-pleatings form the plain border around the edge.
As woollen materials are so heavy, modistes are making sham lower skirts of cambrie or of alpaca for heavy woollen suits, merely trimming them with flounces of the wool, or else facing them with woollen goods from the knee down.
Some of the handsomest imported dresses are made with the round waist, which, of course, must be worn with a belt.
The "Breton" costume is only worn by little girls; its glory having departed from "big" folks.
With satin brocades and embossed velvets has come in the Queen Anne style of dress, high ruff and all.
Handkerchiefs are stowed away in pockets no more, but are carried in the hand or attached to the waist.
Valenciennes lace is more in demand than point lace. The "Holy Grail" pattern and other sacred designs, copied from robes in convents, are the choicest.
The new material for morning dresses very much resembles the old "Dolly Varden" cloth; as it is covered with large designs, such as birds, insects and flowers.
A Japanese folding toilet glass is the latest device; when placed on a dressing-bureau, ladies are able to get a front, back and side view of their heads, without changing their position.
The fashionable style of hair dressing is very low in the neck. The rows of puffs worn outside the front of the bonnet and resembling false teeth in their stiff regularity, are no longer in vogue.
The Telephone as an Aid to Divers.
The Cincinnati Enquirer says: "Mr. John T. Guyre, the submarine diver, with the assistance of Mr. J. V. Shiras, solicitor for Bell's telephone, made some experiments with the telephone under water. Divers have always eagerly desired a reliable means of communication with those above them. Various plans have been devised, and all abandoned save the first and long-tried one—that of signalling by pulls at the life-rope. One very successful plan, save of expense, was to interpose a reservoir, large enough to admit a man in it, between the diver and the air-pump. Those above spoke to the man in the reservoir, and he repeated it to the diver. This plan operated well. The sound was conveyed so distinctly that the man in the reservoir could hear the diver's hair rubbing against his helmet. This was abandoned on account of its expense. The telephone test was made in the river where the Covington water-works pipes are being laid. The smaller telephone, the one used for receiving was placed within the dress, lying upon the diver's chest and near his mouth. This enabled him to get his very distinct near enough to talk, but was very disadvantageous for hearing. Insulated wires connected this instrument with the one above. Mr. Guyre descended to a depth of eighteen feet. Every thing he said was distinctly heard above. He found some difficulty in hearing what was said, as the air, passing out of the helmet with a hissing and bubbling noise, somewhat drowned the voice of the telephone. This will be easily remedied by making a telephone of such special shape that it will be near the diver's ear, and removing the survival to some point in the dress further from the ear. Mr. Guyre considers it a use a fixed fact, and is delighted in believing his perilous business will be made less dangerous."
Russian Editors and Sub-Editors.
The anecdotes regarding the censorship of the press in Russia have just had the crown placed on them in Moscow. Here the *Travnik* Gazette was held to have committed some offence, and an officer of the Press Bureau sent to the office of the paper. No one was present but the publisher, who was at once sternly summoned to fetch the editor. The publisher left the room, and returned in a minute or two with a large pair of scissors, saying:
"Here, sir, is the editor."
The officer was rather disconcerted, but soon recovered himself, and exclaimed more sternly than ever:
"No nonsense, fetch me the sub-editor."
Again the publisher departed, and again returned this time with a pot of paste and a brush.
"These, sir," he said, "are the sub-editors."
In consequence all four delinquents were arrested, and publisher, editor, and the two sub-editors marched off to the police station to answer for their conduct.

THE WRECK OF THE HURON.

Loss of a United States Man-of-War—Over One Hundred Persons Lose Their Lives—Thrilling Statement of a Surviving Officer.
The loss of the United States man-of-war steamer *Huron* off the North Carolina coast during a heavy storm adds another item to the sad record of disasters by sea. Out of a list of about 138 officers and men only thirty-four survivors were saved. One of the four surviving officers—Ensign Lucien Young—tells the following thrilling story of the wreck:
About ten minutes past one A. M. I was aroused by the thumping of the ship when she struck bottom hard. The captain sang out as he came from cabin: "Hard down," meaning the wheel. I put on a coat and pair of pants, and then ran up on deck and found that it was blowing a fresh gale. I then heard the order, "Brail up the main trysail," and assisted, but we could not take it in. I then asked the captain if we should throw the guns overboard? He said: "Yes, do it as quickly as possible." We got the pennant tacks hooked to the lee gun, but could not remove it, because she had bilged, and we could not get the gun over for the sea. The captain then ordered me to burn all the signal. I did so in the meantime all the port boats and cutter had been carried away. The ship was lying on her port side, bilged; her broadside inclined about forty degrees, and the sea breaking clear over her. I next went into the cabin and saved two boxes of Coester lights, and sent up five rockets besides burning over one hundred signals. The sea was then caving in the cabin rapidly. When I heard the order for "all hands to go forward as quick as possible," I hurried the quartermasters who were with me and some other men to go forward. As I passed the cabin door Mr. French asked me if that was all. I stopped and told him "Yes." Then he said: "We must be quick." We all started forward together. I had held on to the Gatling gun, when a very heavy sea came over and washed me and about five others down to leeward. All but myself went under the sail and were drowned. I was caught in the bag of the sail and had both legs hurt by being thrwn against the gaff. I then regained the deck of the nine-inch gun, and worked myself forward, though I was sick. Mr. French got in the main rigging. Also saw a number of the men standing in starboard gangway and in the first launch could not see the starboard bow, and we gave three cheers and repeated it several times. We then saw that the breaking tide was making in fast, and the sea flooded over us worse. We here saw our first launch, the only boat left, stove in, and it knocked Captain Ryan and Navigator Palmer overboard. I then saw two men killed on the forecastle. Mr. Conway suggested that we make some effort to get a line on shore. I said I would attempt it and called for some one to put the balsa overboard, when a three-inch line was made fast to the balsa and the same lowered overboard, but it fouled with the jibboom foreward and other spars. I got down on the torpedo spar and worked about ten minutes to clear the balsa, and called for some one to help me. Those above spoke to the man in the reservoir, and he repeated it to the diver. This plan operated well. The sound was conveyed so distinctly that the man in the reservoir could hear the diver's hair rubbing against his helmet. This was abandoned on account of its expense. The telephone test was made in the river where the Covington water-works pipes are being laid. The smaller telephone, the one used for receiving was placed within the dress, lying upon the diver's chest and near his mouth. This enabled him to get his very distinct near enough to talk, but was very disadvantageous for hearing. Insulated wires connected this instrument with the one above. Mr. Guyre descended to a depth of eighteen feet. Every thing he said was distinctly heard above. He found some difficulty in hearing what was said, as the air, passing out of the helmet with a hissing and bubbling noise, somewhat drowned the voice of the telephone. This will be easily remedied by making a telephone of such special shape that it will be near the diver's ear, and removing the survival to some point in the dress further from the ear. Mr. Guyre considers it a use a fixed fact, and is delighted in believing his perilous business will be made less dangerous."
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TOUGH TO THE LAST.

Jumping from a Train and Running, Swimming and Fighting white Wounded.
Deputy Sheriff Edsall, of Chemung county, N. Y., on his way to Rochester on an Erie railway train, with Mike Murphy, a criminal who had been sentenced to the penitentiary. When two miles west of Kanonah, and while the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, Murphy jumped from the car. The train was stopped as soon as possible. The officer went back, expecting to find the mangled body of his prisoner. He found the ground torn up for twenty-five feet along the track where Murphy had tumbled and ploughed through it. There was blood on the ground, but Murphy was nowhere to be seen. Some men working near said they saw Murphy jump off, and that he had picked himself up and told them the conductor put him off. He had started across the fields on a run. He was sighted by the officers nearly a mile away. The sheriff started in pursuit. Murphy plunged into Five Mile creek and swam across, and ran up along the stream. The sheriff crossed the stream in the same way, and gained rapidly on the fugitive. When within ten feet of Murphy, he was seized by the latter, who jumped into the water a second time and crossed back again, and continued up the stream. The officer swam the creek again. After running half a mile Murphy again swam the creek, followed by the sheriff.
Murphy then struck off into the fields and took the Hammond road, which he finally left and made for a thicket piece of woods. In crossing a rough piece of ground Murphy fell. He made two efforts before he could get up. The sheriff was then so nearly exhausted that he was unable to go much faster than a walk. Murphy reached the woods followed by pistol balls. The sheriff had noticed blood at intervals on the trail. When the officer got into the woods Murphy was nowhere to be seen. The sheriff walked in, when he was almost stunned by a blow across his neck from a club, and before he could turn, he was seized by Murphy, who began to shower blows on the officer's head. The latter managed to free himself, and made an effort to use his revolver, but Murphy knocked it out of his hand, and tried to get the weapon himself. A struggle then began between the two men for possession of the pistol. By a lucky chance the officer got the club Murphy had dropped, and, springing back, he struck him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then choked Murphy until the latter was forced to beg for mercy. Edsall secured the pistol and marched Murphy in front of him to Kanonah station, threatening to shoot him if he turned or ran. Murphy's wounds were in his legs, pieces of flesh having been torn out when he jumped from the train. How he managed to run four miles, swimming a swift stream three times, and then offer resistance to his pursuer, is wonderful.

An Arizona Fight.

Says a recent issue of the Prescott (Arizona) Enterprise: Yesterday afternoon quite a ripple of excitement was created in our usually quiet town by the appearance of two genuine border ruffians on our streets. They first made themselves troublesome at Jackson & Tomkins' saloon, where they drew their revolvers and flourished them in a threatening manner. Col. McCall, who happened to be there, was covered with the pistols several times, and told that if he opened his mouth they would let daylight through him, and he wisely kept still. They then began firing at a dog, and afterward, mounting their horses, rode down Montezuma street at a full gallop, yelling like demons and firing right and left at everything that showed itself, the bullets whistling in unpleasant proximity to several persons who were on the street. John Baible's dog was the only thing hit by them. Proceeding on down the street, they stopped on the outskirts of the town and reloaded their weapons.
Marshal Standerfer and Col. McCall armed themselves and got into Dupree's baronche and started in pursuit. Sheriff Bowers and Frank Murray, city marshal, also armed themselves and mounting their horses, started after them. Standerfer and McCall passed the ruffians on the other side, and headed them off. Sheriff Bowers and Murray came up on this side, and the sheriff ordered them to throw up their hands and surrender, instead of which they opened fire on him. Tullos, one of the desperadoes, slid off his horse and fired three shots at Bowers, all of them coming pretty close, when a charge of buckshot from the sheriff's gun brought him down. Marshal Standerfer also emptied a load into him. Running across the road, Tullos got under the bushes and commenced to draw his revolver, still refusing to surrender, when a shot from the sheriff's revolver stretched him lifeless. Vaughn, his companion, kept firing away, but was soon brought down with a bullet in his head, but was not killed. There was so much shooting going on that it is almost impossible to tell who fired the fatal shots. The horse Sheriff Bowers rode was shot in the hind quarters. This was the only harm that befell the pursuing party.

Items of Interest.

When a Colorado man is asked whether he likes to be lynched, he says, "I'll be hanged if I do."
Great Britain now cultivates nearly 1,000,000 fewer acres of wheat than she did twenty years ago.
A fight of butterflies recently passed through Falls county, Tex. They numbered into the millions.
A laboring man named Giles Collins has been fined five shillings in England for making a pet of a Colorado beetle.
The income of Great Britain for 1876 was about \$400,000,000, and of this amount \$170,000,000 came from customs duties on wine and spirits, and excise duties on spirits, malt and licenses.
It was rough on a fellow to have to get up in the middle of the night and hunt around for another blanket. But it was rougher to find that the blanket wasn't there.
Saw a sign in a barber's window the other day, "boots blacked inside." Couldn't for the life of us think why anybody wants the inside of his boots blacked. Should think it would ruin a fellow's stockings.
"What is the age of your little boy?" inquired a venerable gentleman of the mother of an impertinent youngster. "The same age, of course," replied the mother. The sage saw it.
In South Africa rawhide is used as a substitute for all kinds of cordage. It is made into the drag ropes for the wagons, headstalls for the oxen, bridles for the horses, cordage for latching the huts, slips for bottoming the beds, chairs and stools.
Railroad traveling in France is very safe, according to statistics. Between 1872-75 but one person was killed out of 45,268,270, and one injured in 1,025,360, while in England during the same period one was killed in 12,000, and injured in 336,000.
The will of Mrs. Caroline A. Merrill, the rich New York lady, who, dying the other day, left nearly \$500,000 to Cardinal McCloskey, is about to be contested. Seventeen nieces and nephews are to be the contestants on the ground that the deceased was insane and was under undue influence when the will was made.
An ingenious use of carrier pigeons is on record. They were employed in Belgium to smuggle tobacco into France. Each bird carried a certain quantity of the weed, and two dozen pigeons per day were regularly dispatched. How long the new industry had been established is not stated, but one day it came to grief. A bird was too heavily loaded and he dropped with his burden, exhausted, into the Seine. A police inquiry resulted, and the whole business was exposed.
"Mr. Editor," said he, producing a voluminous manuscript, "I've got a few remarks here on this silver remonization question which I'd like you to publish. I commence by showing that money is a circulating medium, as it were, and after proving that the ancient Hebrews had a system of silver, and dealing with the commercial system of the ancient Phoenicians and Egyptians, we take in the classic ages of Greece and Rome, when the great sages and philosophers—"
Sitting Bull's White Chief.
The commission which was sent to Sitting Bull made an important discovery in the fact that the warrior has in his camp a white prisoner, captured at the Custer massacre. Before reaching Fort Walsh rumors reached some of Custer's men as prisoners, and after the first conference one of the half-breed interpreters employed by General Terry visited the camp, and while passing through, dressed and painted as a chief, who said that his name was Martin Ryan, who was a corporal in Company I, Seventh Cavalry, Colonel Keough's company, and had been taken a prisoner at the battle of the Little Big Horn with Custer. Inquiry apparently substantiated his assertion, and the following facts were ascertained: Ryan's life had been spared by Sitting Bull himself, who adopted him into his own family. Ryan made several attempts to escape, but being carefully guarded was unsuccessful, and on each occasion he was severely beaten. He has now apparently accepted the situation, and Sitting Bull has made him a war chief and married him. Ryan has let his hair grow long in Indian fashion, dresses as an Indian, and is known by the Sioux as the White Chief.
Upon the return of the commission to St. Paul General Terry caused the muster rolls of Company I, Seventh Cavalry, to be examined, and found that Martin Ryan's name is borne as corporal, and that he was present at Custer's when his command went into that fatal action on June 25, 1876. It was stated by the friendly Indians that there are several others of Custer's men prisoners in Sitting Bull's camp, but Ryan's case was the only one which was verified. Sitting Bull was asked the question direct by General Corbin if the venerable warrior could say if he took any prisoners of the Seventh Cavalry, and answered fully, "That is none of your business."
The Teacher's Overcoat.
The Boston Commonwealth relates this school anecdote: "Francis Gardner, the late head master of the Boston Latin School, was noted for his economy of wearing apparel, upon which he prided himself, and frequently lectured the boys on the folly of extravagance in that direction. One day he came into the recitation-room of a lower class, his well-worn overcoat flapping at his heels, as usual. The lads, all of whom had just reached their teens, looked up from their books to see what was coming. 'D'ye see this coat?' said the old teacher, stroking the sleeve of the venerable garment approvingly, and glancing over his shoulder for the rear effect. 'How many of you boys can say you have worn a coat for forty years, as I have this?' There was a general laugh, in which the doctor joined, when, a moment later, he donned upon him that his coat must have seen the light a quarter of a century before any of the boys were born."

Fight with an American Lion.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Times says: There is now on exhibition in the Lindell Hotel the rudely stuffed hide of a very large and ferocious-looking mountain lion, which was killed a few weeks since in Hinsdale county, southwest of Pueblo, Col. Mr. H. J. Minor and a partner named Henry Shane were engaged in running a pack train of burros, or small Mexican asses, over the mountains to the mines in the San Juan country. They had just gone into camp one night in Antelope Park when the lion made its appearance. It appears that one of the burros had given out from exhaustion and had been left standing alone in the snow a short distance from camp. The animal, although almost unable to move, suddenly gave evidence of great terror and alarm and commenced to Bray. Mr. Shane started out of camp to see what the trouble was. As soon as he left the circle of the camp-fire a large mountain lion sprang upon him from a projecting rock above him, and bore him to the earth. His partner, Mr. Minor, saw the animal spring, and called at once to Shane to keep still. The lion stood growing over the prostrate man, with its two fore feet on his breast. Minor dropped the ropes he was dragging and scrambled to his feet and assisted in despatching the ferocious beast. He was hurt slightly about the breast where the claws had penetrated the clothing. The lion bit and poorly stuffed, but it is quite a curiosity. It resembles a very large cat, and would measure perhaps seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. It is the largest and best specimen of the Rocky Mountain lion species ever brought to this city.

Lynched by a Texas Mob.

Some three weeks ago says the Houston (Texas) Age, Deputy Sheriff Williams, of Walker county, arrested an escaped negro convict, and was carrying him back to Huntsville to place him in the penitentiary. While on the way back, the negro requested permission to stop for some purpose, and the request was granted by Deputy Williams. The handcuffs were removed from the negro, and as quick as lightning he grabbed the officer by the throat, and seized his pistol, with which he shot the officer twice in the breast, and with a knife he then cut the wounded man's throat and left him for dead.
The horse of the officer returned home without his master, which excited the suspicions of friends, and they immediately set out to ascertain what was the matter. They soon found the bleeding victim, who did not die, and from him they learned of the deadly assault.
A posse was quickly organized by the citizens, and after a long search the murderous convict was captured. Preparations were made to make short work of him. He was informed that he had to die, and if he desired to say anything to say it at once, and he then confessed that he had murdered the negro Henry Pearson at Spring Station and fled.
Pearson is the same negro for whose death Hero Dalton was tried before Justice Brashear and virtually acquitted. The negro was then strung up to a tree and hung. His body was left hanging to the tree.

A Novel Swindle.

A pork-packer of Indianapolis, while bartering for a car-load of hogs, recently noticed that the backs of the hogs were covered with mud, and an examination of the floor of the car revealed to him the fact that the alluvial accumulation was not a matter of accident, but of design, several hundred pounds of clay of wonderful adhesive properties having been systematically thrown upon the floor and dashed with water, to which the hogs, with their well-known propensity for wallowing, had gone with considerable gusto. He did not like the appearance of the muddy porkers, and refused to buy, but later in the day ascertained that the drover had sold his hogs to another packer, and was bragging loudly that he had not only saved shrinkage, but received more than thirty-seven dollars for the mud which enveloped them.
A Virginia sheriff asked a murderer if he wanted to make a speech on the gallows, and he replied, "Guess not; it looks like rain, and I don't want to get wet. Go on with the hanging."